

## THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

### Day 21 (P256)

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.  
The sun rises and establishes its full day;  
the Eternal Word dwells among us

“My mother, I love you; love me too. Increase in my soul the Will of God, and grant me your blessing also, so that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze.”

#### **The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:**

Most sweet mother, my poor heart earnestly longs to come onto your maternal lap to confide to you my little secrets and entrust them to your maternal heart.  
O my tender mother, in beholding the great prodigies that the Divine Fiat wrought in you, it appears that I am incapable of imitating you.  
For I realize that I am too weak and lowly and I often endure tremendous interior battles that crush me and leave me with nothing but a breath of life.

My tender mother, oh how I desire to pour my heart out into yours, so that you may understand the pains that embitter me and the fear of failing to do the Divine Will which tortures me.

Have mercy on me O Heavenly Mother, have mercy!  
Hide me in your heart so that I may lose the memory of my evils and remember only how to live in the Divine Will.

#### **Lesson of the Queen of Heaven, Mother of Jesus:**

Dearest child, do not fear.  
Trust in your mother, pour everything into my heart and I will see to everything.  
I will be your mother; I will change your pains into light and use them to expand the boundaries of the Kingdom of the Divine Will in your soul.  
So, put everything aside for now, and listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you.  
I wish to reveal to you what the little King Jesus wrought in my maternal womb and how your mother did not let so much as one breath of little Jesus escape me.

My child, Jesus' little humanity continued to grow hypostatically united to his divinity.  
My maternal womb was very narrow and obscure – there wasn't the slightest glimmer of light.  
Thus I beheld him in my maternal womb immobile and enshrouded in a deep night.  
But do you know what formed this intense obscurity for my infant Jesus?  
The human will, in which man had voluntarily enshrouded himself.  
Man formed around and within himself as many abysses of darkness as there are sins he committed, such that he became paralyzed in his effort to do good.  
And to scatter the darkness of such a deep night in which man, with his own dark will, had made himself a prisoner – to the point of losing the power to do good<sup>109</sup> – my dear Jesus chose the sweet prison of his mother and voluntarily exposed himself to immobility for nine months.

<sup>109</sup>**The original Italian text reads: “...fino a perdere il moto per fare il bene...”. Inasmuch as Original Sin impaired, but did not destroy man's ability to do good, this phrase expresses the deliberate culpability of those individuals who forfeit God's grace that alone enables them to do good.**<sup>109</sup>

My child, if you knew what a martyrdom my maternal heart endured in seeing my little Jesus immobile, crying and sighing in my little womb!  
His ardent heartbeats palpitated very strongly and throbbed with love;  
He made his heartbeat heard in every heart to ask for pity for their own sake, since for love of them He had voluntarily given up light for darkness, so that all might obtain true light and their salvation might be secured.

My dearest child, who could possibly describe what little Jesus suffered in my womb?

He suffered unheard-of and indescribable pains.

As God and man He was endowed with full reason, and his love was so great that it was as if He put aside his infinite seas of joys, bliss and light, and plunged his tiny humanity into the seas of darkness, bitterness, unhappiness and misery that souls had prepared for him. And little Jesus took them all upon himself as if they were his own.

My child, true love never says “enough”; it does not look at the pains endured, but avails itself of the pains endured to go in search of its beloved, and it is content only when it gives its own life in order to restore life to the one it loves.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you.

Do you see what a great evil it is to do your own will?

Not only do you prepare a night for your Jesus and yourself, but you form seas of bitterness, unhappiness and misery, within which you remain so engulfed that you are unable to escape.

Therefore, be attentive and make me happy by telling me:

“I desire to do always the Divine Will.”

Now my child, pay close attention to what I wish to tell you.

When little Jesus, with pinings of love, was in the act of taking his first step to come out of my womb and into the light of this world, his longing, ardent yearnings and desires to behold and embrace souls, and reveal himself and enrapture them within himself with his gaze, were so vehement that they gave him no rest.

And just as one day He had placed himself on the lookout at the portals of heaven with the desire of enclosing himself in my womb, so He is now in the act of placing himself on the lookout at the portals of my womb, which is to him more requiring than heaven.

Jesus, the sun of the Eternal Word is about to rise in the world and forms its full day; for poor souls there will no longer be night, nor dawn, nor daybreak, but always sunshine, which is brighter than the sunshine at the peak of day.

I, your mother, felt that I could no longer contain Jesus within me, as seas of light and love inundated me and, just as I conceived him within a sea of light, so in a sea of light He emerged from my maternal womb.

Dear child, for the soul who lives in the Divine Will everything is light and everything converts into light. Enraptured in this light, I awaited to hug my little Jesus in my arms and, as he came out of my womb, I heard his first loving whimpering.

The angel of the Lord placed him in my arms and I pressed him very tightly to my heart; I gave him my first kiss and little Jesus gave me his.

This is enough for now.

Tomorrow I will wait for you again to continue my narration of the birth of Jesus.

### **The soul:**

Holy Mother, oh how fortunate you are; you are truly blessed among all women.

For the sake of the joys you felt when you pressed Jesus to your bosom and when you gave him your first kiss, please place little Jesus into my arms for a few moments so that I may make him happy by telling him that I vow to always, always love him, and to seek nothing but his Divine Will.

### **Aspiration:**

Today, to honour me, come and kiss the little feet of the infant Jesus, and place your will into his little hands to let him play with it and smile.

### **Exclamation:**

My mother, enclose little Jesus in my heart so that He may transform it completely into the Will of God.